

In the Warm, Dark Cave

by Deiter Ginsberg

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Summary: An Argonian sorcerer and his Khajiit bodyguard venture deep into a cave to collect hallucinogenic spores for a love potion.

Instead of the lucrative business venture they envisioned, things get... well... GAY. Really, really, REALLY gay. Gayness for days, as far as the eye can see. SO gay. (Gay.) Just a goofy little one-off, reposted from a furry site. Please read/review! Enjoy!

In the Warm, Dark Cave

"Kiss me," the Khajiit panted amorously against where he thought my hearing ducts might be. His claws pitted marks into my wrists as he pinned me to the slimy cave wall. "Kiss me, or I swear by all the gods I'll rip your throat out."

I knew he didn't mean it. I could hear the lie peeking from behind his crass words, blunting their edges, making them not as sharp. Kharjo was no cutthroat. Even as his heavy iron armor weighed against my chest, making it hard for me to breathe, I still felt safe.

"KISS ME!" he roared, making me wince and the cave echo. I'd never known this distinguished old caravan guard to raise his voice before. Sensing my hesitation, the big brawny cat growled, bared his fangs, and dove for my neck. I actually thought for a split second that he was going to do it - that I was about to have my neck torn open and would soon die, gasping through an open wound on a shit-covered cave floor. That my corpse would rot there in a Lover's Cave, hundreds of miles away from anyone who would even vaguely care. But no sooner had the thought entered my mind, I felt the older man's sandpapery tongue sliding across my throat.

My arms were free, wrapping instinctively around the old cat's muscled neck as a noise I had never made escaped from my mouth. My hooded eyes closed. I shuddered.

"Kharjo does not do this..." I moaned, weakly pushing against him. It

was like nudging a stone wall. "Red-Neck does not... ggn... the spores... green pollen raining down... has negative effect on..."

"I don't care," the Khajiit growled. Suddenly, sharp claws were on either side of my face. His lips were against mine.

Argonians and Khajiits don't have mouths well-suited for kissing. It was awkward at first. But after a time, we got the hang of it. I say 'we' because by that point, I had joined in and was actively participating. My scaly claws were tangled in the cat's bushy cheek fur. We held eachother's faces. It was weird.

I swear by the Hist, you could feel that stupid kitty's boner right through his wrought armor. I cracked open an eye. A fine layer of biofluorescent green powder dusted the top of his head and the backs of my arms - a byproduct of the red, knobby fungi hanging down from the stalactite-addled ceiling above. The very powder we had come to harvest for one of the local alchemist who had said, and I quote: "I will pay you a hundred septims for every single knob you bring back." Because apparently, the fungus was the chief ingredient in a VERY powerful aphrodisiac potion.

Just then, a hand wandered up between my legs. You would have thought I'd just been goosed with a fork the way my eyes shot open.

"Kharjo, please... \_d-don't\_..." but every time he went to kiss me, I responded in kind. It was like I needed his wide, gritty tongue in my mouth, flicking up against mine. The moments where his body broke contact with me to remove some article of clothing were interminable.

His chest piece clattered loudly to the cave floor. Warm, sweaty fur pressed against my scales. The feeling was indescribable. By the gods - how had we gone so long without fucking eachother's brains out!

I watched in amazement as sharp claws made quick work of ripping my robes to shreds. This would probably make me really angry once we were away from the cave, because said robes had been stitched of fine imported Netch silk with multiple health and magicka-augmenting enchantments woven in, for which I had spent enough Septims to purchase a small house. But as it was, I was just giddy to have my bare body pressing up against his.

"We... sh-shouldn't...", was the last bit of protest I could manage before I was hoisted up into the air. My back rested further up along the wall. I could just reach a few of the spore clusters, had I wanted to. But now I was over him and I used the leverage to barrel down on Kharjo, fiercely gripping the back of his head and burying my tongue as far into his maw as I could get it.

More armor clanged against the moss-strewn floor. Kharjo broke our kiss just long enough to lick his palm. His hand disappeared as our kiss resumed, but I could vaguely hear a wet slicking noise coming from somewhere beneath me.

I was lowered. I thought for a second that he was going to let me go. I panicked, tightening myself around him, constricting him like a snake. He merely growled and brought his huge brawny arms up to my shoulders, forcing me down whether I wanted it or not. And that's when I felt it.

If you've never been penetrated before, stop what you're doing and go try it right now. Red-Neck is serious: Leave wherever you are reading this, go find a man, and have him penetrate you. It is the most...strange... bizarre... mingling of sensations. It hurts. It does not hurt. It feels great. It feels like you have to take a shit. You want him to stop. If he stops, you're going to yell at him to keep going.

You MUST know what this is like before you read any further!

Well... with no warning, and without any of the perfunctory miss-miss-miss-miss-HIT action that's such a staple of intra-male relations, his tip was inside of me. My throat made a noise. Nuzzling and growling, his face buried in my chest, Kharjo fumbled around in his satchel, producing a small, fogged glass vial filled with amber liquid and handing it up to me. It was one of the numbing elixirs I'd brewed for us to anesthetize us during wound sutchering. I grabbed it, wrenched off the cork, and chugged the whole thing.

"I love you," he purred as he slowly impaled me. I knew he didn't mean it - that as soon as we left the cave, his words would disappear like smoke and we'd both be left with nothing but scratches and regrets. But that was the furthest thing from my mind right then.

As I slid down, he had to kiss me to muffle my screams.

I had never even seen him naked. We took different quarters in the various inns we visited, and would often travel long distances to find a large rock in a river to bathe on opposite sides of. I had never wondered what his genitals might look like - not even in passing. But apparently the myth I'd heard about Khajiit men being small wasn't true. This one certainly wasn't.

"Hold on to me," he growled against my shoulder. I did as he asked, moaning, coiling my arms around the thickly-muscled bands of his neck, burying his face in my chest as he began to thrust. I wanted him to stop. I also wanted him to do it much, much harder.

My belly was wet. I looked down. At some point, I had apparently slipped out from my slit and was now basting the cat's rippling abs with pre-ejaculate. I'd never been that hard in my life. Each throb was painful. I could have hunted with the damn thing. Then there was thick, bushy fur against my taint. Kharjo was hilted inside of me. I yowled, and his claws were at my face. Mine were at his, and once again it was like we were trying to merge mouths.

Each thrust scraped me roughly against the wall. I could feel every inch of him inside me, filling me, rubbing some deep, nervous part of me. Threatening with each buck to split me in two. All I could do was hold on, gripping him as if to separate would have meant certain death.

There is not much else to say. I finished a good bit before he did, painting the older Khajiit's belly and chest a slimy white. Then he finished inside me. But the strangest thing happened then. His legs buckled and he collapsed onto the ground, dragging me down the wall with him. But once he'd regained his breath, he did not let me go. Instead, he cradled me to his chest, arms wrapped around my back, his face buried in the nape of my neck. He didn't say anything. Even when

his spent manhood finally wiggled it's way free and a great mess of fluid ran into his lap, he didn't say a word. He just... held me there.

Now, you may think this was the last of it. We had our time together, the euphoria faded and we left. Not so! As it turns out, Khajiits have a reset period of only about ten minutes. We were in that cave for five fucking hours. Maybe a fifth of that time was spent trying to escape. The rest was just a blur of claws and lips and fluids.

When we finally emerged - damp, covered in green dust, dirt and filth unimaginable - it was well after sunset. My arm was slung around his shoulder, his arm was around my hip and we were walking slow, since I couldn't feel the lower half of my body. Wordlessly Kharjo started a fire and made camp. Without making eye contact and using a bare minimum of words, he volunteered to take the whole night's watch. I didn't protest.

That morning at dawn, I was awoken by a gentle nudging at my side. I cracked an eye slit. Turning, my bleary eyes made out Kharjo's broad frame in the dim orange glow. He was kneeling beside me, watching me intently. There was something in his outstretched hand.

"Kharjo, w-what...", My eyes came into focus. He was holding something above my head with a blank expression on his face. The thing between his claws was red and leathery-looking, with odd bumps and ridges streaking all over it's surface.

My eyes went wide. I searched his face for some explanation.

"Kharjo managed to grab a few as we headed out," he said simply. "Enough to cover expenses and pay for a room, I think. This one, however..." he rocked the spore back and forth in his meaty claw, a slight smirk curling at the corners of his lips. "... I will count as my compensation."

His claw closed. Bright green dust spurted from the spaces between his fingers, raining down on me. I tried not to breathe it in. It was too late. As I watched, Kharjo brought the crushed mass to his lips and inhaled, coughing loudly.

Grinning, he leaned over. I leaned up, gripping the back of his head. We merged mouths.

End  
file.